

MY LEAVES

SPRING '86



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IVY LEAVES

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NO. 9

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Cover: A Spring Fantasy By Arrington Hendley

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Editorial

Spring presents the opportunity of rebirth, new growth. College shares this idea of opportunity. The roads of choice encountered in college are many; the choosing of paths is for, perhaps the first time, an individual decision. Right or wrong? The end of the course is mapped; the future obscures the answers. Yet only by meeting the challenge of new opportunities face to face can the adventure of life be exciting and vital. College students are in the spring of life. May growth in new dimensions of thought and ideals continue.

The Spring issue of **Ivy Leaves** offers a wide sampling of the varied thoughts of Anderson College students. The experience of serving the Anderson College community has been satisfying and rewarding for the staff of the **Ivy Leaves**. The challenge of presenting an improved **Ivy Leaves** awaits the new staff of 1968-1969 under the editorship of Mike Creswell.

Regimental

Squares of tile
March across the room
Up to the corner
Turning, they come back
Three to the left
Four to the right
Boredom--
Trapped within four walls.

Nancy Hill

Rain

Rain is a rascal
That slips down the lane
Races with the sunshine
And kisses the sugar cane.

Bill Edgerton

To Spring

The bright warm sun wakes us now each morn,
No more the cold and frost we scorn.
The trees are now no longer bare,
But bright young buds sprout everywhere.

And I who watch this scene in awe—
This quiet beauty, without a flaw—
Will remember ever throughout the year,
These moments now by me held dear.

Ed Sokol

Trees

The trees are blowing
High up in the sky so bright
Whispering to God.

Sally Lever

Choices

The moonlight
sifted silently through the swaying pines
and gathered in puddles at my feet.
The path pointed
through the trees glistening with the jewelry of
fresh rain, and I could not resist
the invitation.
Only the crackle of brush crushed
beneath my footsteps
and the swish of damp leaves
interrupted the stark stillness.
Alone. And yet
in the distance was the sound of
power.
Water rushed down the hillside
running, dashing toward the goal,
and then over the brink with a
shout of triumph.
Caught by this Force,
shall I stay?
I turned my back and walked on.

Nancy Hill

Sunset

How often have I wanted
to go sailing towards the sun
And drift across the water
'til the day is almost done.

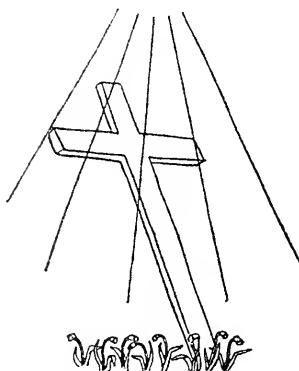
This sun is slowly dying
into the western sky
And all alone at this time
are the sun, the boat, and I.

The colors of the sunset
are a wondrous sight to view:
The purples, pinks, blues, and reds
portray a wondrous hue.

Someday I hope and pray that I
won't have to be alone —
That I may drift beyond the sun
and find my "Home Sweet Home."

Mildred Copeland

Calvary



Three shadows fall in the setting sun,
And people weep as a new life's begun.
Still others sneer and shout insults,
Not realizing the fatal mistake and its results.

A voice is heard calm and serene, gently speaking,
Then another, from pain and fear, shrieking.
Cursing, accusing, trying to save himself,
And another speaks reassuringly, fearless of death.

Thunder crashes as wrath is shown,
To all his anger is a bitter groan.
Then some leave, crying tears of grief,
After seeing Him there, like a thief.

With a void in their hearts they cannot fill,
They turn their backs on Calvary's hill.

Lewis Owens

The Sun Of Life

I sit and watch the Sun go down
A rusty ball of fire.

I know it's setting once again;
It seems to never tire.

Somehow I know that life's that way,
We rise to fall at dusk.

But life's morning returns again,
Untarnished, without rust.

Donna Baker

Praise Be To Almighty Man

Man can do anything---
He habitually creates and crucifies
A self-inflicted destiny.
He masters the art of sin;
Then develops a rationalization for it.
He creates his own misery
He creates an anesthesia for it.
He hides in self-made cubby holes
From his self-made phobias.
He sets impossible standards;
Then crumbles under the weight of them.
He evolves a golden era of technology
But fails in the evolution of his primitive soul.
He devises a godless morality,
But shuns responsibility for its enforcement.
He manufactures a philosophy of life;
But avoids a personal concept of death.
He wrests from environment his sensual pleasures,
But leaves untouched its spiritual resources.
He defines God and labels him carefully;
But claims himself beyond definition.
Then, when failure comes,
He can find but one answer---
Quotes man, "God is dead!"
Praise be to Almighty Man.

David Catanzaro

Dreaming

Dreaming, dreaming silently;
Dreaming in the twilight's
glow.

Dreaming, dreaming quietly;
Drifting down the stream of
memory.

Drifting, drifting restfully;
Drifting into ports long closed
to me.

Calling, Calling tenderly,
Voices sweetly echo long
year thru.

Calling, calling pleadingly;
Calling to the land where
dreams come true.

Ella Thompson

Night Thoughts

Night comes close
With mysterious faces,
Creeping up from darkish places,
Bringing too the thoughts of her
That I put away
So long ago.
Sleep once more
Will nothing mean
For she'll be here
From dusk till dawn,
If only in
A state of mind.

Mike Creswell

Of Love And Blue

Heed not what others say or do
In things concerning love,
But keep in mind that love is blue,
That blue is not a steady shade
But fickle light-to-dark,
And that love and life go two by two,
But only love is blue.

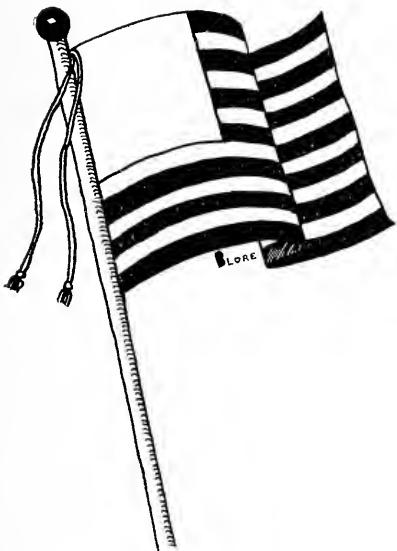
Mike Creswell

What I Saw One Sunday

As I drove slowly down
a house-lined avenue
one rainy Sunday afternoon,
I saw a man in blue Air Force
uniform walk slowly out of one
of the white houses.
His head was bowed but not
to the rain, and his shoulders
slumped, not usual for the Air Force.
He walked slowly to the corner
and stopped to light a cigarette.
He looked back at the house
and saw a curtain quickly closed.
He crossed the street with head bowed
but I think the rain on his face was salty.
I speeded up the car and passed the
scene quickly for suddenly I, too, felt very lonely.

Mike Creswell

America



I love America!
As winter winds blow,
Or summer rain falls,
America is mine
Through all seasons.

God has blessed her so,
Has kept her in peace
And also in war.
What a land to be
Chosen, and for me.

Oh, America,
Ring your happy bells,
For you are the chosen
Of God's endless grace.
'Tis proven each day;
There is none other
Upon whom the sun can
Shine so brightly
And still be outshone.

Brave men of this land,
Take care and keep safe,
This land that God blesses
In this day is ours.
Let's keep it that way.

Elva C. Martin

April 4, 1968

On this day a man, not just any man, was shot and killed by some unknown assailant. Who was this man? Perhaps he was one of the most controversial figures in the history of our nation and certainly of the last decade. I am not going to name him, because I know that you are fully aware of his identity. He was a man who sought peace, not only worldwide peace, but peace for his troubled race. His death was a shock to all and especially to those who loved and followed him.

My heart is saddened, also, though I am not of his race. I fear his strongly advocated non-militant views will be trampled on by a very emotional and hot-blooded people. It is too bad that he had to die; it is really tragic.

Patty Trowbridge

Tomorrow

Life is spent in endless wonder
 Of what will tomorrow bring.
Today is but a distant thunder,
 Meaning not a thing.

We quarrel about so many changes,
 Unseen by human eyes
The rise and fall of mountain ranges
 Before they materialize.

The wise man uses wisely
 Each minute of God's gift.
Some care only if the sun will rise,
 And on through time they sift.

Arrives the dawn of the old tomorrow —
 The birth of a new today.
With worries over future sorrow,
 It's spent the same old way.

Ken Burger

I Am Not . . . I Am

I am not completely heartless or cold,
 indifferent to tears of others told
I thought I was.

I am not able to make my own rules,
 forgetting the end of all such fools. . . .
I thought I could.

I am not taking my love far away,
 admitting a mistake I made that day
I thought I did.

I am not anxious for strange new lands,
 to offer me visions with outstretched hands
I thought I saw.

I am not waiting to hear again that voice
 that all through the years has doubted my choice
I thought I heard.

I am not humble or patient or wise,
 or able the tomorrows and what they bring surmise
I thought I cared.

I am . . . alive . . . and it's Spring.

Elva C. Martin

A Date With A Stranger

In the distance a figure is silhouetted against the horizon of a flaming burnt orange sunset. This dark figure is wandering aimlessly with no apparent destiny. In the depths of blackness beyond the sight of man, Despair is present. A search for truth reveals no visible end. It seems as if I were in a well with slick slippery sides---I cannot escape. A stranger appears. An instantaneous love springs up between us, before words are expressed. I feel a kinship with this stranger; a calm and restful peace comes over me. As my eyes rest upon him, I no longer feel the pain of the world but just love. I feel as if I were shielded from all mankind. I no more feel a need to satisfy my human desires. You say no man can ever achieve this--that it exists only in a world of reality! What you do not know is that this stranger is Christ! A destiny at last!

Joan Caldwell

The Grave Of Life

Life is but an empty tomb
Where fools are made to live.
Hatred will forever grow
For who has love to give?

In this tomb, this lonely tomb,
A tomb of Ghostly Saints,
The sound of life is but a whisper—
The cry of love is faint.

What morbid passion in our souls
Will not let love prevail?
For when emotion dies within
Life becomes a living hell.

This grave of life, where sin is Lord
And master of the mind,
Retains a single reliquary
Where love and joy combine.

Come quietly sweet, gentle death
To this horrid tomb of fate.
Let these Ghostly Saints and Fools
Maintain their world of hate.

Lynne Day

This Then Is Summer

Let us feel the sun — see the shade,
Enjoy the world that God hath made,
And watch small children at their play
Sniff blooming roses and nosegay.

The bees are buzzing in the trees
And trees are swaying in the breeze.
Men work in their yards with mowers,
And summer's shower gently pours.

This, then, is Summer — sun and fun —
A time when work is never done,
When old folks' hearts are young and gay,
And shadows come at end of day.

Margaret Sosebee

Shadows

The golden sun has faded
Behind a somber hue;
My path is filled with shadows
Of dreams that won't come true.
There's stillness all around me
Except the hands of time
That move in endless motion
To leave my past behind.
My world that once had meaning
Has vanished with the sun
Behind the sullen shadows
That time has over-run.
And should this darkness leave me
Its memories will remain
To fade my life with shadows
And confine my heart with pain.

Danette Needham

Life

The sky is blue and clouds are white
As far as I can see,
And when I walk in fields of green,
The sun shines just for me.
The flowers bloom and smell so sweet,
And as time marches on—
I know it goes so swiftly
That soon will life be gone.

Miriam Ashley

In A Child's World

The child clutched the daffodil tightly in fingers still sticky with rivulets of melting chocolate ice cream. Turning it slowly, he gazed into the depths of its yellow trumpet and found only emptiness. He held the flower to his nose and breathed deeply. The sun beat down on the child and his new toy. He ran his fingers over the velvet smoothness of the petals, now beginning to go limp in his grasp. Fascination gone, he tossed the daffodil into its grave of grass. Beauty was gone. Death waited.

Nancy Hill

The Way Of Love

I tried to direct the course of love
To make it fit my own,
But then found out, alas, too late,
That love directs its own.

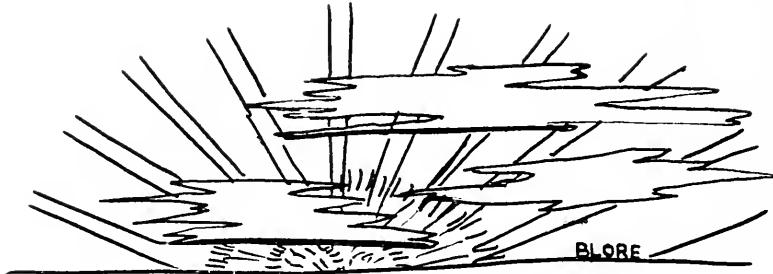
Chyron Chesnut

Spring Love

April's a wild, gay day, promising May.
With the glitter of streams flowing,
With frolic and fairy winds blowing;
With all this beauty of spring about,
And life like a joyous shout,
Do not tell me how you love me now!
It might not mean a thing but Spring.

But if your love for me by dark
November has not changed,
Remember to tell me of your need
When the world's a faded rose.
With the earth gray below,
And the sky gray above,
If you tell me then,
It might mean love!

Linda Lee Frank



Sunrise

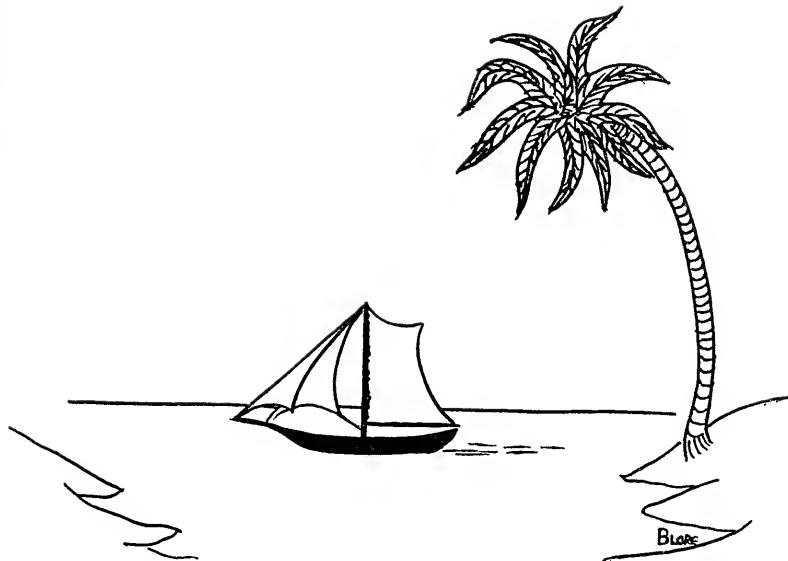
It is early morning. The soft, velvet blanket of darkness is lifted and gradually replaced by the breaking-through of warm morning light, filtering the cool atmosphere. Golden-red streams of sunlight, glistening on the dew drops which cover the ground, announce the beginning of another day. A refreshing morning breeze tickles the green foliage of the roadside plants as they inhale its aromatic fragrance. Little flowers and blossoming plants tilt their heads to welcome the appearance of the sun over the crest of the horizon. Alas, as the last micron of darkness fades from view, both the plant and animal kingdoms awaken and quickly absorb boundless amounts of the sun's warmth and energy. The entire world, full of new life and vigor, looks skyward and reverently thanks God for the promise of a new day.

Dale White

How?

How do you stop loving
When he no longer cares---
How do you say good-bye
When you really want him there---
How do you make your heart stop wanting
When it only beats for him---
How do you look forward to tomorrow
When you know you'll only cry---
How do you find a reason for living
Now that he has said good-bye?

Chyron Chesnut



Enchantment

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

Oh, distance, you great enchanter,
Still hold in your magic veil
The glory of far off mountains,
The gleam of the far off sail!

Hide in your robes of splendor,
Oh, mountain, cold and gray,
Oh, sail in your snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray!

John Barrett



Descent Into Eternity

Love of life with lust and sin
Evokes an epoch of pure chagrin,
Filled with wonder, tears, and pain,
Where hearts are broken and
minds deranged.

Leap into eternity,
eternity, eternity;
Deep into eternity,
eternity of love.

Love of life, how sweet the sound!
Where true love is, no grief
abounds

To spark rash actions and unjust
feelings:
'Tis joy sublime with no hard
feelings.

Journey into eternity,
eternity, eternity;
Jump into eternity,
eternity of joy.

But love of life is paradox, too,
For deep in the soul jealousy ensues,
Tearing tissues of the strongest
heart:
'Tis stress and worry which doth
impart.

Plunge into eternity,
eternity, eternity;
Provoked into eternity,
eternity of pain.

As, love of life is not all sin,
For there are seeds of hope within —
Hope of marriage in years to come:
'Tis man and woman coalesced in
one.

Hither into eternity,
 eternity, eternity;
 Holiday in eternity,
 eternity of hope.
This love of life and life of love.
A marvelous gift to us from Above;
A gift of affection, concern, and
desire,
Now, cold as water; now, hot as
fire.

Fall into eternity,
 eternity, eternity;
Far into eternity,
 eternity of faith.

Grant us wisdom so as not to vex
Our innate impulse for the opposite sex;
To enjoy our pleasure within Thy
bounds,
Not abusing privileges on personal
grounds.

Launch into eternity,
 a pseudo-infinity;
Lapse into eternity,
 eternity of love.

Dale White

Truth

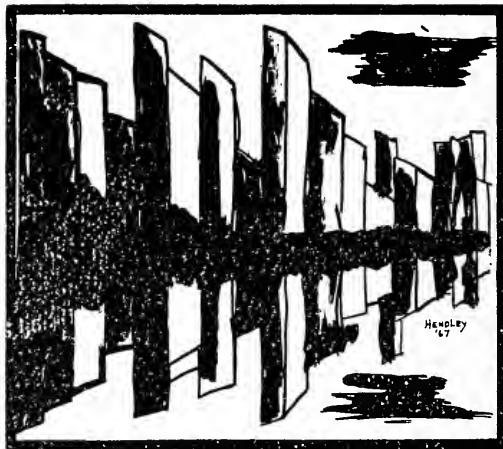
If the whole world would agree to speak nothing but the truth, what an abridgement it would make of speech! And what an unravelling there would be of the invisible webs which men, like so many spiders, now weave about each other! But the contest between Truth and Falsehood is now pretty well balanced. Were it not so, and had the latter the mastery, even language would soon become extinct from its very uselessness. The present superfluity of words is the result of warfare.

John Barrett

An Ode To Spring

This is the time when hearts are light,
When every young girl feels fresh and sprite.
The air is now filled with rays of sun,
And all students are ready for summer fun.

Nan Busby

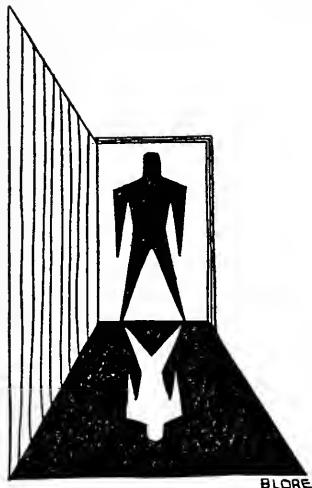


Reflections

In quiet moments
That we once shared
When the world seemed so far away,
In those precious hours
So long ago,
Are memories that will always stay.
The summer sunset,
The ocean shore,
The castle we built in the sand,
Our sunburned faces,
I won't forget.
The night when you first held my hand
Your special smile
I cherished then
Still brightens each pathway I go
And fills me with dreams
Of yesterday —
Those moments so long, long ago.

Danette Needham

To Open A Door



1940:

"But I had an appointment! I've had it for two weeks." The young man leaned over the prim gray-haired receptionist's desk with disbelief on his face.

"Mister Mason cannot take his valuable time for every young person who is out to set the world on fire; when I told him your age and your appearance . . ." Her thin lips were compressed as she gave him an up and down perusal.

The young man swept his hand through his shock of red hair and backed slowly towards the heavy office door.

"You tell your wonderful Mister Mason that Mark Crawford Productions will put Rath Company out of business in twenty years and he will have plenty of time for appointments."

He turned on his overrun heel and left, leaving the door swinging open. The receptionist closed the door with a look of annoyance on her face.

1960:

"Jan, are the plans completed on the Rathco deal?"

"Yes, Mister Crawford. We own them lock, stock, and barrel."

"Fine. Start the shakedown in management that I outlined. Remember, Jan, no references for the top five, or any considerations."

"Check."

1980:

"Now, look, woman, this is the third time I've come up here. Now do I see Crawford or not?"

"Yes, but Mister Crawford has been very busy . . ."

"Well so am I. My own company needs me right now, and . . ."

"You have your own company? Why you aren't twenty years old."

"I am twenty-one and I grossed two million last year."

"Why, you're the young man who started Analace, aren't you?"

"Right. I'm glad you finally recognized me. Now tell Mister Crawford to talk to me now or in a few years I do the talking — in my terms."

The secretary got up and stepped quickly through the chromium door. She came back almost immediately.

"Go right in. He'll see you now."

The door closed, and others opened.

Mike Creswell

Susan



Susan wiped the sticky summer sweat from her forehead and sat down on an upflung rock. The strawberries came only halfway to the top of her bucket and she had been picking all morning. Plopping a fat one in her mouth, she sat there and wondered why a twenty year old college junior should have chosen to spend a free weekend with her grandmother in the country. The old lady was always sick. Now if Tom had been able to come down . . .

The sky was a peculiar blue, and a pinkish yellow moon hung lazily in the sky, letting the August sun push it away. That moon just didn't look right. She sat at the edge of a straw and bramble filled meadow where it met some thin woods and listened for bird calls. They had been strangely absent all morning. Suddenly, something brushed her foot and she withdrew it to the top of the rock with the rest of her.

A baby turtle had touched her foot. It looked sleepily up at Susan perched on top of the rock and said very clearly, "Oh, excuse me." Then it crawled on.

Susan just sat there a minute and then giggled. She looked around, thinking that somebody was playing a trick. She picked up the bucket of strawberries suspiciously. They smelled all right. She shrugged off the incident and thought that she might as well get some more berries. Stooping down, she began picking, but she looked around frequently. She happened to notice a line of ants marching along. A few feet over was another, marching in the same direction. Looking closer, she saw millions of ants, alone and in lines, all going the same direction.

A fat toad came hopping clumsily along. Susan backed off and watched it suspiciously. It looked at her after a short hop and said in a breathless bass voice, "Hey, come along with us. It's time."

Susan screamed and backed away. Any minute she expected to see the Mad Hatter. What was happening? Sobbing softly, she looked around. Which way was the path? Abruptly she noticed the moon. It was a bright frothy red. She screamed again. Where was the house? She saw a brilliant light coming from the edge of the woods. It was in the direction the animals had been going and it outshone the summer sun. Far above, Susan heard a silvery trumpet blow. She began to run.

Mike Creswell

